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"Meet me by moonlight alone."



Country Quarters.



"I'll show you the manual exercise."



"Stick as you be—that's the comet."

THE COMIC ANNUAL.
BY THOS. HOOD, ESQ.

The foregoing designs, as our readers will at first sight readily surmise, are copied from Mr. Hood's Comic Annual for 1836. Although, in justice, we cannot award the present volume the full meed of praise we were enabled to bestow on the one of the preceding year, still there can be no question that it is the best article of the kind which has been produced during the present season. We have before given a hint, that it would be for the benefit of our London friends, were they during the summer to spend a few months on this side the water. We would pledge ourselves for their being able to gather more mo-

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ther wit within the compass of a month, in any one of our glens or mountain fastnesses, where a hedge school is still visible, than is to be found in all the Comic Almanacs and Annuals published since January 1835. Indeed, we wonder that the London publishers have not been able to pick up more of the article in the great metropolis than they have done, for it is proverbial,

"That Erin's isle more wit produces,
Than is sufficient for her uses.
Dublin no market is for wit—
'Tis common, no one values it,
Hence we export it—and our parts
Bear highest price in foreign marts."

To give any thing like an analysis of the production would be impossible; it must be read and viewed in order to form an opinion of its merits. Our specimens are but the pictures placed in front of the menagerie. If you wish to see "the *hamimals*" to perfection, you must procure the book, in which many "living characters" are sketched to the life, as well by the pencil as the pen. The illustrations are numerous, and several truly "comical." The stories are but "few and far between," however; and this we deem a fault, as it destroys that lightness and airiness of character which such a publication should always preserve. The following may be taken as a fair sample of the entire:—

"THE SUDDEN DEATH.

"There are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labour of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

"That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma.

"If a horse could be supposed to harbour so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question chose to vent his animosity by giving up the ghost just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience. For fourteen months past he had drawn the lady in daily airings to a point just short of the Binn Gate; because that fifty yards further would have cost sixpence; a sum which Miss Norman could, or believed she could, but ill spare out of a limited income. At this very place, exactly opposite the tall elm which usually gave the signal for turning homeward, did Plantagenet prefer to drop down stone dead; as if determined that his mistress should have to walk every inch of it, to her own house.

"But Miss Norman never walked.

"Pedestrianism was, in her opinion, a very vulgar exercise, unavoidable with the poor, and to some people, as postmen, bankers' clerks, hawkers, and the like, a professional mode of progression, but a bodily exertion very derogatory to persons of birth and breeding. So far was this carried, that she was once heard to declare, speaking of certain rather humble obsequies, 'she would rather live for ever than have a walking funeral!' On another occasion, when the great performance of Captain Barclay in walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, was submitted to her opinion, she said 'it was a step she did not approve.'

"It might be surmised from such declarations, that she was incapable of personal locomotion, through some original infirmity, for instance, such as results from the rickets; whereas, so far from allowing any deficiency on the part of her nurse or parents, in putting her to her feet, Miss Norman professed to have the perfect command of all her limbs, and would have felt extremely offended at a hint that she could not dance. It was quite another weakness than any bodily one which restricted her promenade, and made her feet almost as useless to her as those of the female Chinese. Pride was in fault; and partly her name, for suggesting to one of her ancestors that he was a descendant of William the First of England: a notion which, after turning his own head, had slightly crazed one of his successors, who all believed, as part and parcel of his inheritance, on the strength of the 'Norman' and the dubious old pedigree, that the Conqueror was their great progenitor.

"The hereditary arrogance engendered by this imaginary distinction, had successively displayed itself by outbreaks of different character, according to the temperament of the individual who happened to be head of the family: with Miss Norman, the last of her line, it took the form of a boast, that every branch and twig of her illustrious tree had always ridden 'in their own carriage.' I am not quite sure whether she did not push this pretension further back than the date of the invention of 'little houses on wheels' would warrant; however, it held good, in local tradition, for several generations, although the family vehicle had gradually dwindled down from an am-

ple-coach to a chariot, a fly, and, finally, the one-inside sedan-chair upon wheels, which the sudden death of Plantagenet left planted fifty yards short of the Binn Gate. To glance at the whole set-out, nobody would ever have attributed high birth and inherent gentility to its owner. 'Twas never of a piece. For once that the body was new painted, the arms were thrice refreshed and touched up, till the dingy vehicle, by the glaring comparison, looked more ancient than the quarterings. The crest was much oftener renewed than the hammer-cloth; and Humphrey, the coachman, evidently never got a new suit all at once. He had always old drab to bran new bright sky-blue plush; or *vice versa*. Sometimes a hat in its first gloss got the better of its old tarnished band; sometimes the fresh gold lace made the brown beaver look still more an antique. The same with the harness and the horse, which was sometimes a tall spanking brute, who seemed to have outgrown the concern; at other times a short pony-like animal, who had been put into the shafts by mistake. In short, the several articles seemed to belong the more especially to Miss Norman, because they belonged so little to each other. A few minutes made a great change in her possessions: instead of a living horse, high Plantagenet, she was proprietor of certain hundred-weights of dogs'-meat.

"It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig; and knowing something of the lady's character, I pulled up, in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, who would stand as steady as a mule at death's door, I proceeded to assist the coachman in extricating his horse: but the nag of royal line was stone dead; and I accompanied Humphrey to the carriage-door to make his report.

"A recent American author has described as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of quakerly composure, in all possible sudden emergencies, such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fit by one's side:—in fact, the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is 'mistress of herself, though China fall.' In this particular Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself, though her horse fell. She did not start—exclaim—put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass: she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coach-box. In this posture Humphrey found her.

"'If you please, Ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead.' The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"'I've took off the collar, and the bitt out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;' and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"'Humphrey!'

"'What's your pleasure, Ma'am?'

"'Remember, another time!'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'When a horse of mine is deceased!'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'Touch your hat.'

"The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrears. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example: he was a raw, uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from proficient, that in the importance of breaking the death to his mistress, he had omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

"It was now my turn to come forward, and as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"'If you please, Ma'am,' said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, 'he's a respectable kind

of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses.'

"The gentleman's name?"

"To be sure, Ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; 'but it be Huggins.'

"Shut the door."

"It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor and Co, whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him; but determining to see the end of the affair, I affected to hope that the lady would change her mind; and accordingly I renewed, from time to time, my offer of accommodation, which was always stiffly declined. After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver (the noted Jem Wade) pulled up—alighted—and standing at the carriage-door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services. But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waived him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid.—'She never rode,' she condescended to say, 'in public vehicles.' Jem entreated again; but 'she was accustomed to be driven by her own coachman.' It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of her coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that 'he would take as much care of her as of his own mother,' she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side-window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

"By your leave, Ma'am," said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, 'Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken, careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box.'

"If Sir Vincent Ball chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for me," retorted the lady, without turning her head; when, lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavoured to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and 'she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own.' Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade, without bowing, fervently declaring 'he would never do the civil thing to the old female sex again!'

"The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop; and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post-chaise."

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—"Lord help ye, Ma'am, there bea'n't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bea'n't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow, but what be gone to it!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. 'I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey'—

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Another time'—

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Remember once for all'—

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me."

"Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been black-berrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage. Miss Norman had

now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill-bred remarks as, 'Vy don't the frizzle-rigged old Guy get into the gemman's drag.' Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favouring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:

"I CHOOSE to be alone."

"It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain; and in reply to each congé, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent."

"Quis Deus vult perdere," thought I, and I determined to let her take her fate, merely staying to mark the result. After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, it appeared that the rigour of the condition, as to riding only in her own carriage, had been somewhat relaxed to meet the exigency of the case. A fresh tapping at the window summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

"Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of the chariot will be esteemed a favour."

"By your leave, Ma'am, if I may speak'—

"You may not."

Humphrey closed the door, but remained for a minute gazing on the pannel, at a blue arm, with a red carving-knife in its hand, defending a black and white rolling-pin. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins. It seemed a strange mode enough that he took to secure the harness, by hanging it, collar and all, on his own back and shoulders; but by an aside to me, he explained the mystery in a grumble.

"It be no use in the world. I see the charrot set off for Lonnon. I shan't go complimenting no Grove. I'se hang about a bit at the George, and compliment a pint o' beer."

"Away he went, intending, no doubt, to be fully as good as his word; and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell the pig-butcher, and his foreman Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle 'the worse for liquor,' if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially—in his most temperate moments a perfect, sky-blue-bodied, red-faced, bowing and smirking, pattern of politeness to females—was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succour distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them with as much of the chivalrous spirit as remains in our times. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

"Mayhap you warn't half purlite or pressing enough observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. 'It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persudder, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs.'

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and master, and quite ple-

sant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mile an hour—with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air.

"A taxed cart, Madam," he said, 'mayn't be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of life, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful: likewise in distancing the two hogs. Whereby, every thing considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excusing *more* pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered, by your humbles, as a favour besides.'

"The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called 'an advantageous opening' for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and, as junior counsel, 'followed on the same side.' But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, 'as hard for to be *convinced into a cart*, as any thing on four legs.' The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be purtected with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like any other live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters. Whereby, supposing I approved, they'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

"Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of her vehicle, where the butchers supported her fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sate, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into Waterford. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as 'her own carriage.'"

WHITE FRIAR'S ABBEY.



SIR—In an excursion from Limerick to Newcastle, I was induced to visit the demesne of Adare, belonging to the Earl of Dunraven, in which a splendid edifice is in progress, on the site of the old mansion—a specimen of architecture which, when finished, will rival the first in the kingdom, for taste, beauty, and chaste design. The extensive plantations, gardens, and pleasure grounds, exhibit richness, variety, and extreme neatness. Two highly interesting ruins, lying east of a fine river which runs through the grounds, ornament the demesne. I send you a sketch of one, called White Friar's Abbey, the only object of which I had time to take a drawing, and should you approve of this for your Journal, it is at your service. There is a very handsome church in the village of Adare, of Gothic structure; and I have observed that his Lordship has exhibited good taste in the repairs of it, as well as in arresting the progress time was making upon the old abbey. I ought not to omit mentioning, that in a sequestered part of the demesne, there is an aged tree, at the foot of which is an elevated flag-stone, with an inscription upon it, importing that a great treasure had been secreted under it, belonging to the family of Quin, at the time of the Revolution, 1688, and requesting that the said tree might not be injured or removed. N. R.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.



ANNAGH'S CASTLE, COUNTY OF KILKENNY.

SIR—As I presume one great object of the Dublin Penny Journal is to preserve to us those specimens of building, the handiwork of our fathers, which, though void of beauty or magnitude, can never fail to afford gratification to the intelligent mind, and when I consider the avidity with which persons in this town look for the site where Mul-